

ANSWER TO
How sweet's the Love that meets Return.

YOUNG Strephon fed a generous flame,
But sigh'd away his heart in vain;
His Charmer heard with coldness now
His plight of truth, and love-taught vow,
Which made the youth to sing this strain,
How hard's the Love that meets disdain!

One morning early in the grove,
The wonted seat of virtuous love,
On beds of violets now was laid,
In sleep reclin'd, the beauteous maid,
Where oft her Strephon sung this strain,
How hard's the Love that meets disdain!

Just then the youth pass'd thro' the grove,
Directed by propitious Love:
With rapture gaz'd o'er all her charms,
And long'd to fold them in his arms,
Which oft had caus'd this love-sick strain,
How hard's the Love that meets disdain!

Blow soft, ye winds—breathe milder notes!
Ye feather'd warblers, tune your throats,
And learn this theme I'm forc'd to sing,
To make the groves with echo ring,
This ceaseless, hapless, artless strain,
How hard's the Love that meets disdain!

Thus sung the youth, whilst all around
In gentle echo caught the sound;
Each bush, each spray, in concert chim'd
The anguish of his tortur'd mind,
And whisper'd to the fair this strain,
How hard's the Love that meets disdain!

The maid had heard his plaints sincere,
And, rising, bid the youth not fear,
For she believ'd his artless vow—
Disdainful frowns he met not now,
But from that time he sung this strain,
How sweet the Love that's lov'd again!